

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

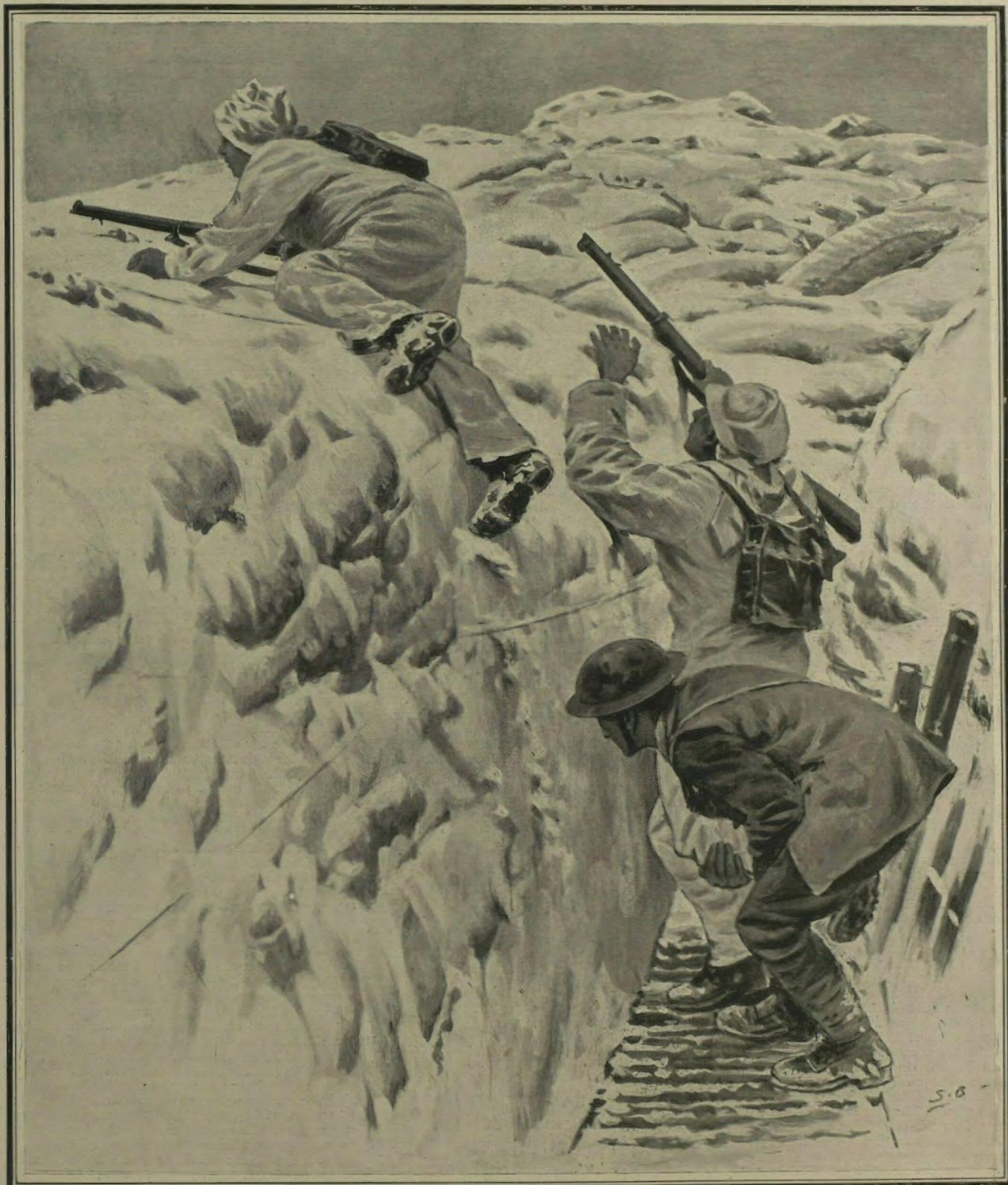
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NINEPENCE.

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HUMAN CAMOUFLAGE: BRITISH SOLDIERS DRESSED IN WHITE FOR DAYLIGHT PATROL-WORK IN THE SNOW—
GOING OVER THE TOP.

The art of camouflage, which has developed to such an extraordinary extent during the war, is closely analogous to Nature's method of protective coloration in animal life. Sometimes, as here, it is an actual copy. Just as the Polar bear is garted in white to make him inconspicuous against his background, so the two men seen in our illustration

are wearing white clothes to render them invisible in the snow to the enemy at a distance. They are going "over the top," from British trenches on the Western Front, on daylight patrol-work in No Man's Land—a dangerous task requiring great pluck. The incident affords an interesting example of military camouflage applied to the person.

DRAWN BY S. HEGG, AFTER AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

MATTERS OF THE MOMENT.

THE NAVY'S TRENCH WAR—ENEMY RAIDS.

BY ARCHIBALD HURD.

"YARMOUTH bombarded" was recently the prominent head-line in London evening newspapers. The town—a seaside resort and fishing centre—had been shelled from the sea at 11 o'clock, when most of the inhabitants had gone to bed, or were about to go to bed. The enemy vessel was evidently a submarine, and the firing lasted only about five minutes.

The North Sea has an area of 140,000 square miles; in other words, it is one-sixth larger than the whole of the United Kingdom, and nine times bigger than Denmark. On the western side of it runs the British coast, a stretch of about 600 miles without a single place which can be compared with the least heavily fortified spot on the short German littoral. It is more difficult to prevent ring-and-run raids than it is to catch every small towns-boy who rings and runs away—and Greater London has some 22,312 police officers and men to its 699 square miles! From the point of view of Germany, the conditions for raiding are ideal. The enemy has the advantage of the interior line, the element of surprise, the darkness of moonless nights, the rapidity of movement which the water-tube boiler and the marine turbine have brought him, and he possesses in the submarine an ideal weapon for raiding purposes. Even making allowance for the different rates at which a policeman and a patrol-vessel can move, the North Sea is nothing like as well protected as Greater London, in which assaults, burglaries, and other crimes are of almost daily occurrence. If the country provided aloft defence on the same scale as it is provided in London, the North Sea would have 860,000 patrol-ships; or, making allowance for the varying speed of policemen and seagoing vessels, the number would be about 170,000. Official records show that during the twenty years which preceded the war, we built 60 light cruisers and 194 destroyers! Our output of light cruisers during that period exceeded German construction by one-third, and we provided 38 more destroyers.

The country will never do justice to the Navy until it understands the character of the war which the Fleet is waging, and the limited resources which it possesses. Raids occur on the Western Front almost every week. The Navy is also engaged in fighting a trench war; but it is at a serious disadvantage as compared with the Army. In the first place, the main German Fleet is hiding behind strong shore defences, supported by mine-fields, destroyers, submarines, and aircraft; and ships cannot fight forts. Secondly, the British seamen cannot sit down off the German coast, digging themselves in as our soldiers dig themselves in on the Western Front; but must patrol up and down the North Sea in all weathers, always exposed to attack from enemy vessels—swift-moving light cruisers, low-lying destroyers, or invisible submarines, which can discharge their torpedoes while still submerged. Thirdly, the Germans can either fly over our lines of naval investment—such as they are—or can travel under them. The British seamen never know when the enemy will strike, how he will strike, or where he will strike. There are many dark moonless nights, and the wonder is not that raids should occur, but that they are not more numerous.

The British Navy is fighting simultaneously several distinct wars. When it is said that the Grand Fleet is "containing" the German High Seas Fleet, that statement means that Admiral Sir David Beatty must stand always ready for action, with battle-ships and battle-cruisers, as well as light cruisers and destroyers, prepared to impeach the enemy's Main Fleet whenever it appears beyond its protected area. For light craft are the protectors of the heavy ships at sea. The Grand Fleet is the antidote to invasion. The Grand Fleet, consequently, has the first call on the Navy's light craft, because it is enacting the grand rôle in this war. With such vessels as remain, the Navy must fight the other wars. It must provide convoy for our merchant shipping, in the Home seas and beyond—about 5000 "targets" each week being exposed; it must give as much protection as possible to the 600-mile stretch of the East Coast; it must defend, without peradventure, the sea lines of communications of our Armies, many thousand soldiers being always afloat. Germany is taking no part in the big ship war until what she regards as a favourable moment arrives. That leaves her free to employ in surprise movements all her light cruisers, destroyers, and submarines.

THE SOUL OF AN ARMY.

BY E. B. OSBORN.

EVERY great nation has a military discipline peculiar to itself, and deeply rooted in the national past. The most democratic, to use a rather dangerous epithet, is the French discipline. France is the only European country where you can see officers and men chatting together in a café round a bottle of liberty, equality, and fraternity (so to speak), and yet feel sure military etiquette will be rigorously observed when they return to duty. The same familiarity is observed in Japan. In France, however, the off-duty *camaraderie* which so alarmed our martinets is popularly supposed to be a heritage from the Revolutionary Armies. It is much older than that, according to the late General Gallieni, who was so widely read in the history of warfare through the ages. "We are the Roman legionaries," he once said to a friend of mine who questioned him on this very point, "and we are what we have always been. Behold the rods and axes for those in the field who forget the legionary's oath—Faithful to the Senate, obedient to my Imperator." But when they are off duty our brave *poilus* have the freedom of the Roman soldier, who could say just what he liked to the centurions." But, as the swift collapse of the Russian Army shows, only intensely patriotic and highly intelligent soldiers can be allowed such licence of comment and intercourse. In the "orthodox and Christ-loving militancy" (it is the old official style of the Russian Army) which fought so heroically in the first two years of the war, the relations between officers and men were governed by a kind of ritual, something far beyond any Western etiquette. The greeting of a General by his men was a most impressive affair—thousands of deep voices simultaneously saluting their father-in-arms. It is true that the old father-and-son spirit had ceased to touch these ancient observances with a personal emotion. For two generations the brutal German methods of training had been adopted by many Russian officers in the vain hope of securing the efficiency of the German war-machine. But the ritual of salutes and salutations remained a strong, binding force, though most of the spiritual significance had been lost; and the revolutionary *Prishas* which abolished it reduced the army to a tumultuous mob of hungry, angry peasants.

We, like all other fighting races, have our own peculiar discipline, which no foreigner can quite understand. The New Army inherited it from the Old Army—but as a spirit rather than a system. Outwardly, it is a compromise between the democratic and the autocratic models. The British officer loves his men, but loves them at a little distance. Inwardly, it is not fully defined even in "B.-P.'s" famous phrase—"Confidence in one's pals." It is really one of the oldest and most beautiful things in this old, beautiful land. The new order of soldier-poets bears witness to the passion of unselfishness that keeps it fresh and a little fantastical—for does it not give the lie even to blood-relationships? The devotion of the young regimental officer for his men sings itself in the noble "Fulfilment" of Robert Nichols—

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.

Was there grief once? Grief still is mine.

Other loves I have; men rough, but men who stir

More joy, more grief, than love of thee and thine.

The golden tie of service is a constant theme of wonder and rejoicing in letters from our various fronts, thousands of which, in the fulfilment of a certain historical task, I have been reading in the last six months. "It is the greatest thing in mortal life," wrote one young officer on the eve of the action in which he fell, "to know such men as mine and have the joy of serving them. It brings all the dreams of brotherhood true, and so death no longer matters." And how well such devotion is required! Here is a passage from one of many letters—brief and soldierly, as a rule—in which the deaths of beloved captains are described by their men—

"I was with your son when he died, and, if I may never see anything again, I saw one of the bravest men that ever was. He died a hero's death. Your son dropped with his head on my knees. I spoke to him three times. I got no answer; and then he just looked up at me, and put his hand down my face, and said 'Is that you, Joe?'—which was the name he called me by. 'For God's sake, sonny, push on'—and died at that. I shall avenge his death till the end.

Let none speak against the way of a British officer with his men, which is one of the oldest and most beautiful things in this old, beautiful land. It is the soul of our Army.

THE DURATION OF GREAT WARS.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

HOW long is this terrible world-war going to last? Such is the question uppermost in all our thoughts and on all our tongues.

The truth is that all the most momentous wars in history have been long ones. Not to speak of anterior ones, we ourselves in the Middle Ages waged an intermittent conflict with France known as the Hundred Years War; while the corresponding conflict between England and Scotland may be said to have been a five-century one. Our own Civil War lasted from 1642 to 1660—eighteen years—being contemporaneous part of the time with the Thirty Years War, which divided all Germany into two opposing camps. It found the Empire with a population of 16,000,000, and left it with less than 5,000,000, with a loss of wealth from which the nation had but partially recovered at the outbreak of the present world-war. In the next century Germany was to suffer from Frederick's Seven Years War.

Other long conflicts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were various succession wars, notably those for the Orleans succession to the Palatinate, 1686-97; the Spanish Succession, 1700-13 (the period of Marlborough's victories); the Polish Succession, 1733-38; and the Austrian Succession, 1740-48.

But even those protracted campaigns were dwarfed by the war which Napoleon may be said to have waged for nearly twenty years with all Europe, and with the same object—world-dominion—as is now being pursued by his present-day pinchbeck imitator. In that colossal conflict England took a prominent, a protagonist part by sea and land; and in the Iberian Peninsula alone, more especially, waged what was very nearly another Seven Years War—1808-14.

Our next considerable war, after a long peace, was that of the Crimea, which lasted about two years, but was only a great one, not so much in political results—which were almost nil—as in its records of British heroism and endurance. In respect of military magnitude and political results, the Crimea was quite surpassed by the Civil War in America—which, be it remembered by our restive pessimists, lasted four years (1861 to 1865) minus three days, and from every point of view was momentous. This fratricidal conflict cost more than half-a-million lives on both sides, though the forces in the field were nothing like so vast as now.

The Civil War in America was followed—in 1866—by the Prusso-Austrian campaign in Bohemia, which may be said to have lasted only seven weeks, since Austria was completely brought to terms by her first crushing defeat at Königgrätz. The logical sequel to the Prussian war of 1866 with Austria was the German one of 1870 with France, which was all over in about seven months, though, indeed, it may be said to have been practically decided in less than one month—at Sedan—the rest of the time being but a long-drawn-out agony of fighting despair on the part of the vanquished. This comparatively quick smashing-down both of the Austrians and the French was mainly due to lack of organisation and unpreparedness on the part of the defeated.

Still, war now showed a decided tendency to be shorter than before—especially war on a large scale—as was to be again shown in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877, which lasted only some nine months; and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, of which the duration was about a year; whereas our South African war had dragged on for over two-and-a-half years—for very special reasons, including the element of vasty veldt-space, which was against us.

But now the tendency is again all in the reverse, or old, direction—that is, towards long-drawn-out wars—and for the reasons that tactics, if not strategy, have been revolutionised by modern inventions. War of movement has practically been replaced by war of position, with trenches and subterranean strongholds; the functions of cavalry have been encroached upon by aviators, who are now not only the eyes of their own army, but also agents of Sodom and Gomorrah to their opponents; machinery is now almost as good a means of carrying on war as men; the rôle of artillery has been immensely enhanced; submarines have completely altered the conditions of naval warfare; troops are now so well fed, and clothed, and cared for that disease has practically ceased to decimate armies as it always did before—and, in short, victory will now incline, *ceteris paribus*, to the side with the biggest numbers, the longest purse, and the most enduring nerves.

TANK TACTICS: A DUMMY AND A CAPTURED ANTI-TANK GUN.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS AND NEW ZEALAND OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE MASQUERADERS: A PAIR-HORSE DUMMY TANK ON WHEELS, BEING TAKEN INTO ACTION ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



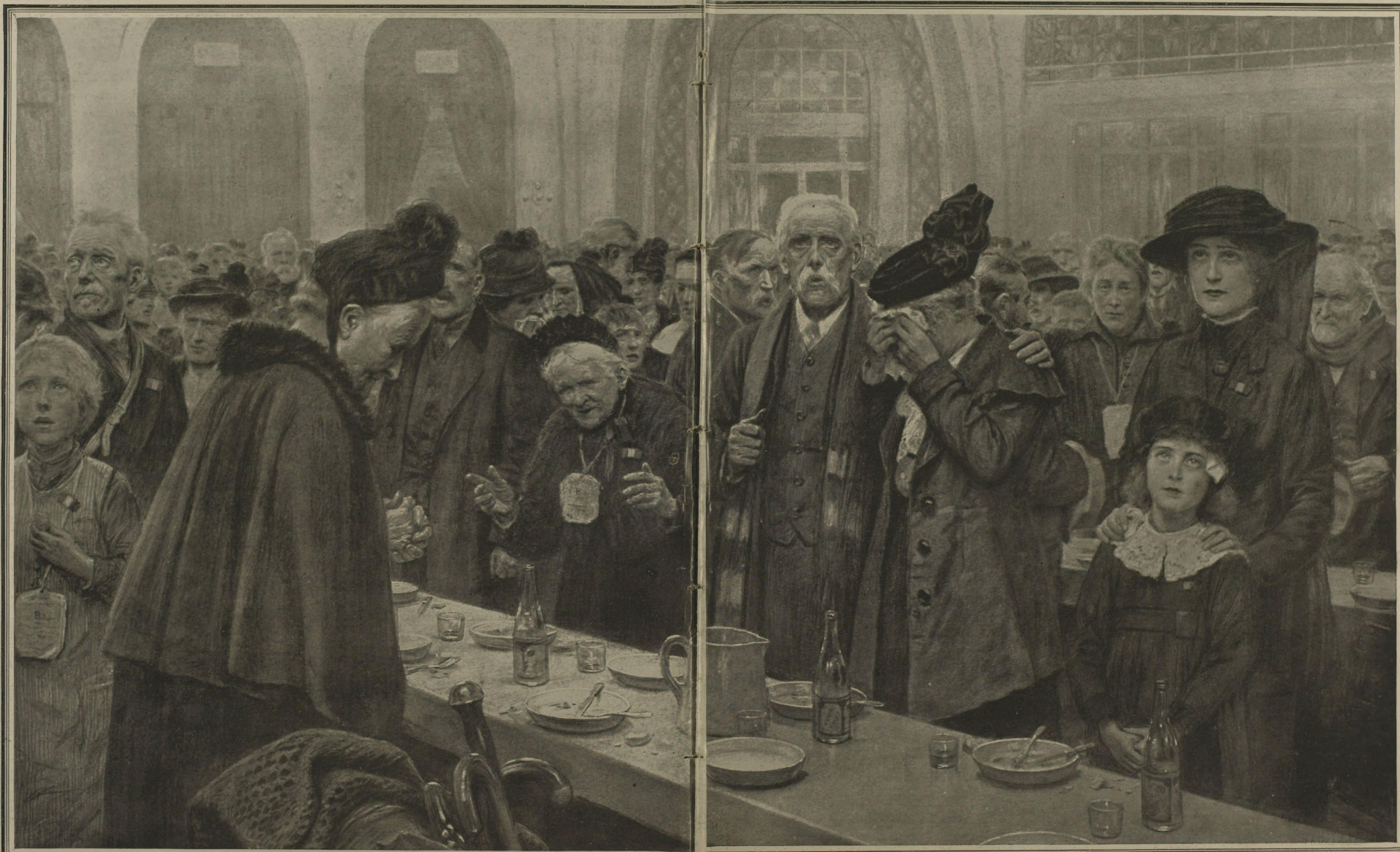
THE ENEMY'S METHOD OF COMBATING TANKS: NEW ZEALANDERS EXAMINING A CAPTURED GERMAN ANTI-TANK GUN.

Sir Douglas Haig has not mentioned dummy Tanks in any of his published despatches regarding the operations of our troops on the Western Front. Of the real Tanks he has said: "Very gallant and valuable work has been accomplished by Tank commanders and crews on a great number of occasions. Long before the conclusion of the Flanders Offensive, these new instruments had proved their worth and amply justified the labour, material, and *personnel* diverted to their construction and development. In the course of the various operations in which Tanks have taken part, at Arras, Messines,

and Ypres, officers and men have given frequent examples of high and self-sacrificing courage, as well as strong *esprit-de-corps*." In a Reuter message from Amsterdam the other day the German Minister of War, General von Stein, was reported to have said, in an interview, regarding the methods of combating Tanks: "We are not afraid of the wonders of technical science. There are, for instance, the Tanks. At first we naturally did not know how to destroy them. My soldiers . . . tried to force them open with hand-grenades, but we soon learned that there was only one deadly weapon against them—our guns."

HEARING THE "MARSEILLAISE" AFTER THREE YEARS OF SLAVERY: FRENCH RAPATRIÉS—A MOMENT OF EMOTION.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT.



BACK FROM "MURDERED" FRANCE TO FREE FRANCE: REFUGEES EVACUATED FROM

This pathetic throng of French refugees have been sent away by the Germans from French territory in their occupation. After a long railway journey, and a wonderfully sympathetic welcome in Switzerland en route, they find themselves again on French soil—this time, free soil—at Evian, in Haute Savoie, on the southern shore of the Lake of Geneva. They can hardly believe they are at liberty again after three years of slavery. They have been given a meal in the gorgeous casino of Evian. "Suddenly," writes M. Benjamin Valloiron, "the Evian band strikes up the tune so long forbidden. They stop eating, and all eyes look up. One old man wearing a veteran's medal rises to his feet, then an old woman at the other

OCCUPIED TERRITORY LISTENING TO THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN EVIAN CASINO.

end of the hall, signing to the five little children with her to do the same. The Marseillaise! the hymn of peoples re-born! Women and men alike begin to sob. Others, with clenched fingers, stand rigid with closed lips, but tears roll down their cheeks. Others, again, beat time to the tune with a mystical frenzy, while little girls, in ecstasy like Jeanne d'Arc listening to the Voices, join their hands and pray. It is a moment of inexpressible emotion. . . . Many resume their seats, and hum over the sacred words. Then suddenly they stand once more, electrified, with eyes dilating and vehement gestures, to send forth to France the supreme cry—'Aux armes, citoyens!'

[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one particular attitude to which most human beings, including myself, have a very strong objection. It has created all the popular tales about traitors, though it is sometimes more subtle than treason; but it has all the effects, if not the motives, of treason. It is the attitude of the man who chooses the very time at which he ought to stiffen as the time at which to weaken. He only fails at the last moment; and it is always the most important

to no patience or respect. The horrors of war are a perfectly logical reason for not going to war. They are not a reason for trying to do a thing when you happen to feel excited, and dropping it when you happen to feel tired. If you have any intellectual self-respect whatever, you must ask yourself three questions which are as obvious as the alphabet: What you originally decided to fight for; whether you have got it; or whether you can get it by continuing to fight? That it is a ghastly thing to fight, and a still more ghastly thing to be obliged to allow others to fight, is a most vivid and painful truth. But it is a truth, I will venture to suggest, which ought to have crossed a powerful mind some little time ago.

There never was a moment in this mortal trial when it was more necessary to be ruled by the actuality and not the atmosphere. The atmosphere is naturally and necessarily one of weariness, and a reaction towards escape; but it is still the truth that we ought not to escape, even if we could escape, from actuality. I see that some new suggestions have recently been made in this direction by a man of genius who is always suggestive, Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells is, above all things, a great artist in atmospheres; and he is, as such artists often are, far too much the victim of atmospheres. He is also the victim, I think, of the weakness already described—the lack of something which may be loosely described by the theological term of final perseverance. Even his most successful novels fail only at the last moment. They end, but they do not conclude; the writer seems resolved to escape from a conclusion. They do not end in mere negation or despair, but only in an oblivion of their original object—as if the writer had just caught sight of something else that had nothing to do with it. Hence he is not desperate; but he is, in a definite and double sense, distracted. In much the same way he seems to have side-tracked himself on the subject of the war, running clean off the rails of reality. He has been caught by considerations quite remote not merely from our reasons, but from his own reasons, for having supported the war at all. He has fallen in love at first sight—or rather, at first hearing—with the mere name of Mr. Trotsky and the Revolutionists at Petrograd. He offers them to us as a more democratic type of diplomatist, who are more plain and simple than our own diplomatists. As to that, I am content to answer that we could most of us ask very plainly and simply for things, if we only asked for them and did not get them. The Bolshevik diplomatist demanded that the peace negotiations should be removed to the West; and they were not removed. He demanded that the military forces should not be removed to the West; and they were removed. I believe I have been consistently not only much more of a democrat but much more of a revolutionist than Mr. Wells. I have even been rebuked by him for my extreme and extravagant denunciation of the existing social system. And I should have been ready on many occasions to ask simply and plainly for what I wanted—to say in a commanding voice, "Give property to all the families in the State," or "Punish all Trusts as criminal conspiracies immediately." There would only have been two limitations attaching to these plain and simple things which I should have demanded. One is that I should not have got what I demanded—or, perhaps, expected to get it. The other is that I should not have thought it practical to do it while I was admittedly trying very desperately to do something else which we all agree ought to be done.

I would, therefore, draw attention to the detail that there exists in the world at this moment a war; and a German Empire which has been so far successful in that war that it has disarmed Russia, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro, and has already so far

erected a Middle Europe which overshadows Eastern Europe. To say in face of such a fact that you rather like Mr. Trotsky's tone is as flighty and foolish as to say that you rather like the colour of his eyes. To say that there may be a revolution in successful Germany, because there has been a revolution in unsuccessful Russia, is to throw out wild guesses into the air. There may be; but we can only build with any security upon what is. To say that a republic will certainly be set up in Berlin because it has been set up in Petrograd is about as businesslike as to say that a wooden statue will certainly be set up in Petrograd because it has been set up in Berlin. Personally, I should always have said that the Russian would always have been more democratic than the Prussian; that he had more natural taste for what is revolutionary, as the man of Berlin had more natural taste for what is wooden. But even if we think the Russian example may be followed, it is madness to say it must be followed. We are concerned with calculable facts; and cannot risk all England and all Europe upon possibilities that are quite incalculable. If we have any rights in the quarrel, we cannot conceivably gamble them on a faint hope that Germany may eventually cease to worship the statue of Hindenburg and begin to worship a statue of Haase. I therefore humbly suggest to Mr. Wells that he should return for a moment to the contemplation of real things, and especially of the most real thing remaining in front of us: the fact that we have lost the war, and with it the faith of England and the freedom of Europe, unless we can still force the Prussian to do certain things which he has a prodigious objection to doing. Of these the very least, as Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd

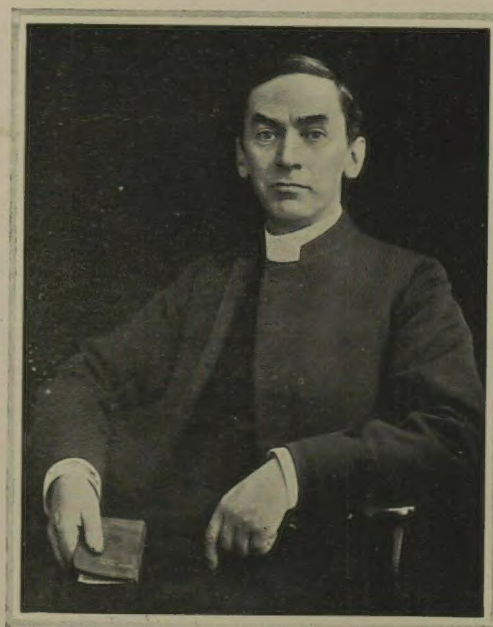


THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE EX-COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA: THE LATE GENERAL SIR BEAUCHAMP DUFF.

Sir Beauchamp Duff was censured by the Mesopotamia Commission in connection with the early reverses. He was found dead in bed on January 20. The inquest verdict was "Death due to misadventure, from narcotic poisoning self-administered for the purpose of procuring sleep."—[Photo, Elliott and Fry.]

moment. Especially he always remembers the reasons that ought to have prevented him from beginning a thing when they only serve to prevent him from finishing it. Sometimes those reasons are rather thin modern theories, which instantly gave way when he found an action desirable, and which now only return to him because he finds it difficult.

Such a man always appears to the popular instinct merely to have played it false; but very often it is his position from the first that has been false. I always feel this about some of the wealthy Quakers, and other theoretic opponents of all war, in their attitude towards this war. They had a right to forbid a war; but they had no right to help it so as to hinder it. And they did, indefinitely and perhaps unconsciously, help it so as to hinder it. Pacifists are called fanatics; but I, for one, wish that those among them who are most influential had been far more fanatical. A Pacifist's peace is at least a much better thing than a Pacifist's war. I should feel in the same way about any other extreme or extravagant doctrine, however strongly I disagreed with it. I think a vegetarian is something like a lunatic when he calls me a cannibal for eating a mutton chop. But I should prefer to find him denouncing my cannibalism to a large crowd, rather than find him conspiring obscurely everywhere to upset butchers' carts and nail up the doors of butchers' shops. I should think he had a right to do the first, his convictions being what they were; I deny that he has a right to do the second, whatever his convictions might be. I think it both crazy and cruel for a follower of Mrs. Eddy to seek to deprive the sick of the help of any science except Christian Science. But I should think it much worse if the Christian Scientist were only caught stealing the medicine from an invalid's cupboard or the petrol from a doctor's garage. Idealism is an excuse for insurrection; it is not an excuse for intrigue, which is against its very nature; and with those that were, and are, merely intriguing for peace I pretend



A NEW BISHOP WHOSE APPOINTMENT AROUSED CONTROVERSY: DR. HENSLEY HENSON.

Protests were made—notably by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore)—to the nomination of Dr. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, as Bishop of Hereford. He was, however, duly elected. The Archbishop of Canterbury, replying to Dr. Gore, described Dr. Henson as "a brilliant and powerful teacher of the Christian Faith, who regards the Incarnation of the Son of God as the central fact of human history."

Photograph by Whitlock.

George and all our political leaders have said, include a French Alsace-Lorraine and a free and united Poland spreading to Posen and the sea. As for sympathizing with revolutionists, I have sympathized with many in many places, even including a place called England; and my sympathy did not suddenly begin yesterday. My prejudices are of older date, and may possibly be of longer duration.

THE ARREST OF M. CAILLAUX—AS PICTURED IN FRANCE.

FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN "EXCELSIOR," PARIS.



THE FIRST (EX) PREMIER OF FRANCE TO BE PLACED IN A COMMON PRISON DURING THE THIRD REPUBLIC: M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX LISTENING TO THE WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST READ BY M. PRIOLLET, COMMISSARY OF THE ENTRENCHED CAMP OF PARIS.

M. Caillaux, an ex-Premier of France, was arrested on January 14, at his house in Paris, in the rue Alfonse Neuville, on a warrant issued as a sequel to the recent charges against him of having aided the enemy by attempting to destroy French alliances during the war. In publishing the above picture illustrating the arrest, the Paris paper "Excelsior" said: "At 9 o'clock in the morning M. Priollet, the Commissary, presented himself at M. Caillaux's house, with his secretary, M. Mercadier, and two *agents de Sûreté*. The

Deputy for Mamers [*i.e.*, M. Caillaux], who was shaving, quickly wiped the soap from his cheeks, put on a lounge jacket, and went to his study, where he sat down and listened to M. Priollet reading the warrant for his arrest. M. Caillaux then went to dress and put on his overcoat. It was in the ante-chamber of his room that the arrest was made." M. Caillaux was taken to the Santé Prison, where he was placed in an ordinary cell and closely watched day and night. He was allowed certain extra furniture, and meals

BREST-LITOVSK: PROMINENT DELEGATES; AND A "SCRAP OF PAPER."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE CONFERENCE AT BREST-LITOVSK: COUNT CZERNIN AND IBRAHIM HAKKI PASHA.



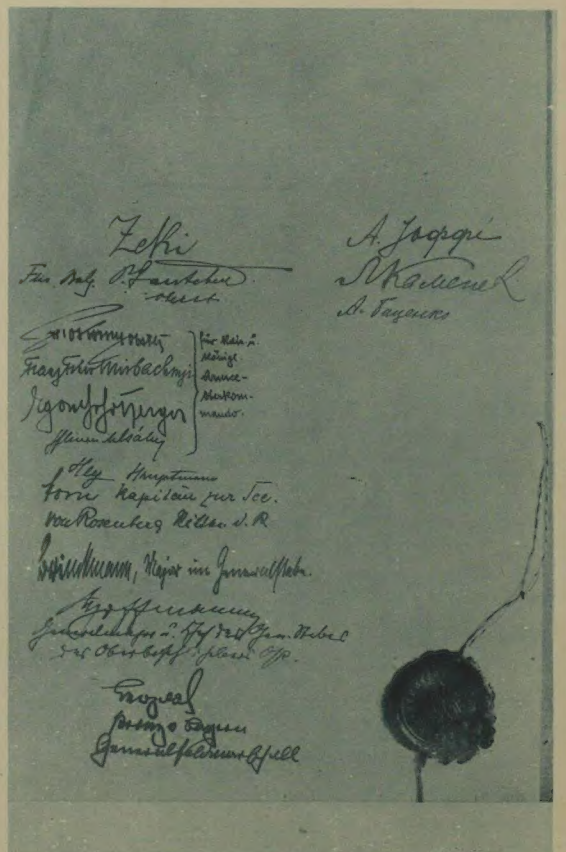
TWO OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATES: M. JOFFE (THEIR LEADER) AND M. KAMENEFF, ON THEIR WAY TO THE CONFERENCE.



WITH HERR VON KUHLMANN AT THE TOP END OF THE TABLE, IN THE MIDDLE: A VIEW IN THE SESSION HALL.



DURING THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS AT BREST-LITOVSK: RUSSIAN DELEGATES BUYING GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.



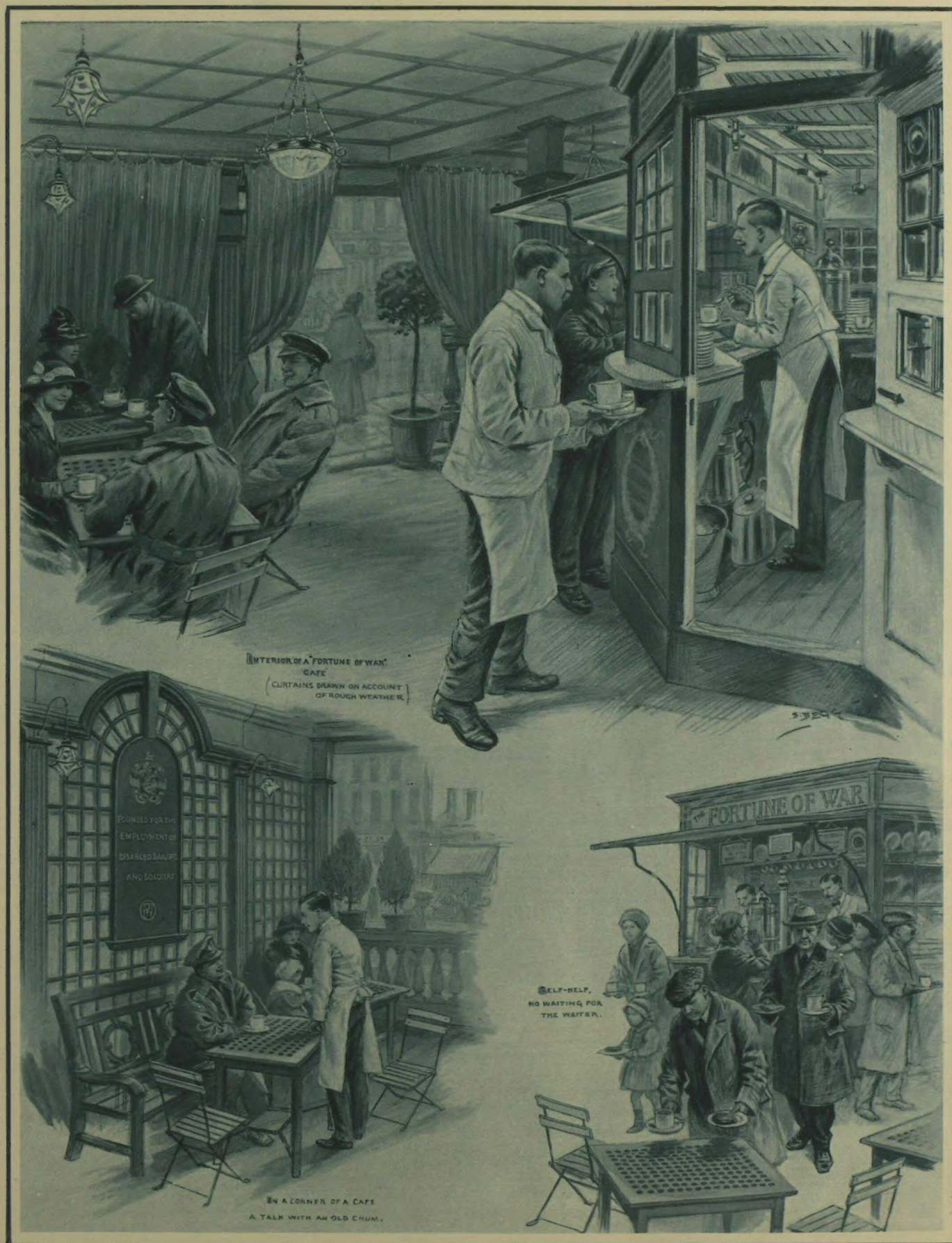
A "SCRAP OF PAPER" SIGNED AT BREST-LITOVSK: THE DOCUMENT AGREEING TO AN ARMISTICE.

"What do you expect from Brest-Litovsk?" was a question put to its readers recently by the Berlin "Lokalanzeiger." It elicited some interesting replies. Professor von Willamowitz, the classical scholar, wrote: "My expectations are of such a kind that my anxiety about the future of the Fatherland rudely disturbs my sleep at nights; this is the experience of many whose Fatherland is still Germany and not a Utopian Europe, or even a Utopian world." In the armistice document reproduced above, the signatures

on the right at the top are those of the Russian delegates—MM. A. Joffe and L. Kameneff, and Mme. A. Bitsenko. The signatures on the left (from the top downwards) are those of Zeki Pasha (Turkey); Col. Gantschew (Bulgaria); four Austro-Hungarian delegates, including Major von Mirbach (second of the four); and six Germans, namely, Capt. Hey, Capt. Horn (Naval Officer), Capt. von Rosenberg, Staff-Major Brinckmann, Chief-of-Staff Hoffmann, and Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Commander-in-Chief.

A BOON TO DISABLED MEN AND THE PUBLIC: OPEN-AIR CAFÉS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



PROVIDING EMPLOYMENT FOR DISABLED SAILORS AND SOLDIERS: ONE OF THE NEW "FORTUNE OF WAR" CAFÉS.

It was a stroke of genius on the part of Lieut. J. E. Latham (an invalided officer of the South Staffordshire Territorials) to found the "Fortune of War" Cafés, which are springing up rapidly in London and will probably take root elsewhere. They provide congenial and well-paid employment to disabled men, and also supply that "long-felt want" in London—open-air cafés on Continental lines. The first "Fortune of War" café began in Kilburn, and was followed by cafés in Hackney, Aldgate, and Edgware Road. The scheme is run

on sound business principles, being in no sense a charity. Each café costs about £400 to start. The men employed receive a minimum of £2 a week, sometimes more, with free meals, and the prices charged to customers are extremely moderate. Lieut. Latham invites the public to invest in his cafés any sums from £10 upward at 6 per cent, without liability. Investors of £50 or more can nominate disabled men for employment. The scheme is regarded with approval by the authorities.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

EIGHT AND A-HALF THOUSAND TONS OF STONE AFLOAT! A GREAT BRITISH ENGINEERING FEAT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARCE, R.O.I.



ILLUSTRATING THE POSSIBILITIES OF CONCRETE FOR SHIP-BUILDING: ONE OF THE HUGE HOLLOW MONOLITHS FOR A NEW BREAKWATER AT VALPARAISO TOWED INTO POSITION.

One of the finest feats of engineering on record has recently been accomplished by a British firm at Valparaiso, where a new breakwater is being constructed under great natural difficulties. Huge blocks of concrete were made hollow in the centre so that they would float and could be towed out and sunk at the desired spot. These enormous artificial monoliths, when in position, weigh 13,370 tons, and when afloat, 8560 tons. They each measure 65 ft. 7 in. long by 52 ft. 5 in. wide, and 49 ft. 5 in. high. When one of the concrete blocks has been

sunk in position, the top of it emerges 3 ft. 3 in. above the surface of the water. We may add that the firm carrying out this wonderful engineering work is that of Messrs. Pearson and Sons, Ltd. The huge dimensions of the floating stone are indicated by the relative size of the men on top, and that of the tug towing it and the other vessel passing. The subject is also of interest in connection with recent suggestions as to the possibilities of concrete in ship-building.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WITH THE W.A.A.C.'S: LEADERS AND TYPES OF THE NEW FORCE.

CAMERA-PORTRAITS BY HOPPE



MISS M. M. STEVENSON, O.B.E.

Miss Stevenson organised the W.A.A.C.'s first Hostel and the first Overseas Hostel. She is in charge of accommodation for 1000 W.A.A.C.'s about to cross the Channel. All Overseas W.A.A.C.'s pass under her administration.



A SERGEANT OF THE W.A.A.C.'S.

The W.A.A.C. sergeants—many, Public School girls—are getting a first-rate reputation for the smartness of the girls drilled by them.



MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson, as Area Controller for London, holds much the same place in relationship to the W.A.A.C.'s as General Sir Francis Lloyd does to the forces under the London Command.



MISS HODGKINSON.

Miss Hodgkinson is an Administrator at Devonshire House, and in charge of the clerical section. She was the W.A.A.C.'s first recruit, and helped to organise the Corps, at the War Office.



MISS HAYTHORNE.

Miss Haythorne is an Assistant Area Controller of London, and one of the many college girls now officers in the W.A.A.C.'s. She was at Somerville College, Oxford.



MISS CHUBB.

Miss Chubb is the youngest officer at Devonshire House, the Headquarters of the W.A.A.C.'s. She is an Administrator for Recruiting. She began war-work (on recruiting) with the National Service Department.



A W.A.A.C. WAITRESS.

Waiting at the Officers' Messes is one of the duties undertaken by the W.A.A.C.'s. Others do various other domestic duties in the camps, including cooking, cleaning, and so on.



A HOSTEL FOREWOMAN.

The Hostel Forewomen of the W.A.A.C.'s are the N.C.O.'s of the Corps, and have important work to do.



A W.A.A.C. TAILOR.

Tailoring is a duty for which a number of the W.A.A.C.'s are well fitted; and there is, of course, plenty of employment for their needles, both here and overseas.

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, commonly called the W.A.A.C.'s, has been on active service for some time now. It was formed with the object of substituting women for soldiers in certain employments at home, at the Bases, and on the lines of communication overseas. The W.A.A.C.'s do the work of cooks, librarians, orderlies, shoemakers, clerks, storemen and quartermasters' storemen, accountants, shorthand-typists, waitresses,

domestics, messengers, bakers, motor-drivers, telephonists, and so on. All wear khaki uniform. When on service, they live in hostels, except certain of those employed with local units. The officers are divided into: Chief Controller; Deputy Chief Controllers; Section Controllers; Assistant Section Controllers; Area Controllers; Unit Administrators; Deputy Administrators; and Assistant Administrators.

WITH THE "WRENS": LEADERS AND TYPES OF THE NEW FORCE.

CAMERA-PORTRAITS BY HOPPE



DAME KATHARINE FURSE, C.B.E., DIRECTOR OF THE W.R.N.S.,
IN HER UNIFORM.



A PETTY OFFICER OF THE "WRENS."



AN "A.B." OF THE "WRENS."



MISS EDITH CROWDY, DEPUTY-DIRECTOR OF THE "WRENS."

The Admiralty have established the Women's Royal Naval Service, commonly called the "Wrens," to relieve men of certain shore duties connected with the Royal Navy. Dame Katharine Furse, formerly Commandant of the V.A.D., is Director of the new service, and responsible, under the Second Sea Lord, for its organisation and administration. Miss Crowdy is second in command. She, too, worked with the V.A.D. before taking up her

new work. With regard to the uniform of the petty officers, it may be noted that the "Wren" motor-drivers to the Admiralty wear the same uniform; but with black naval buttons, instead of brass. The personnel of the officers is distinctly interesting. For instance, to name but one case, Mrs. Wallace, Deputy Assistant Director of Training, is a sculptor, a pupil of Rodin.

WARRIORS OF THE PICK AND SPADE: ROAD-MAKING FOR THE GUNS IN THE WAKE OF THE INFANTRY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



NOT FAR BEHIND THE BARRAGE IN A BRITISH ADVANCE: A LABOUR COMPANY OF THE LABOUR CORPS FOLLOWING THE INFANTRY TO MAKE A ROAD FOR THE GUNS.

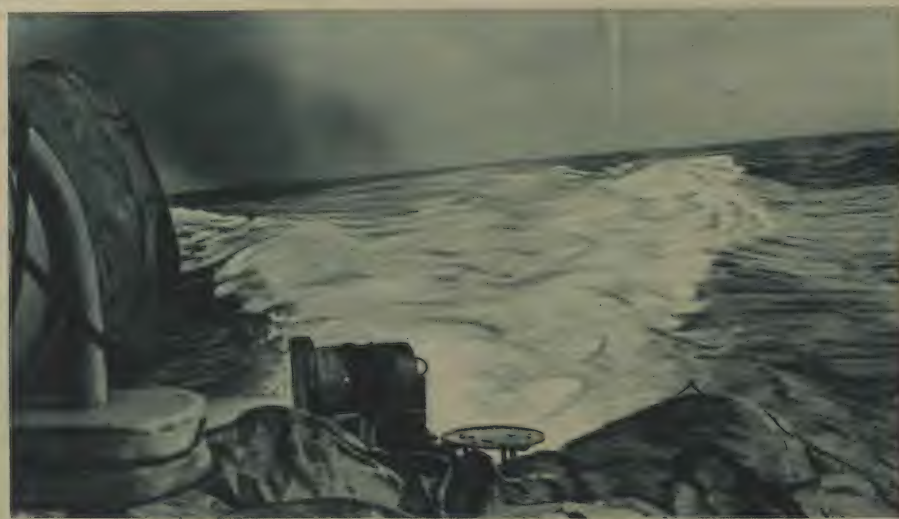
Unlike the coloured units of the Army Labour Corps, which are not sent into the danger-zone, the British companies of the Corps often go close up to the front line, under fire, and are subjected to many hardships and perils. Their work is extremely valuable, and they are always ready to tackle a stiff task cheerfully, especially if it is going to help the fighting troops. This is the more to their credit, as they are men either above military age or otherwise classed as unfit for general service. Great praise is due to their officers, who perform arduous and monotonous, as well as dangerous, duties without any of the thrills that inspire men in action. The Labour Companies have an immense

amount of work to do in accumulating supplies of stores and ammunition, plant and material, and in making and repairing roads and building light railways, so that guns may be moved up with all speed behind the advancing infantry. Our drawing illustrates such an occasion. In the background is the smoke of the British barrage before the advancing troops. In the foreground are men of a Labour Company following up over a captured German trench. Their platoon-commander is seen standing on the left at the back, with an N.C.O. just to the right of him. As seen on the figures in the right foreground, the men carry gas-masks.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

A BRITISH DESTROYER DIVISION AT SPEED: BOW-WAVE AND WAKE EFFECTS.



DESTROYERS GOING THEIR FASTEST IN LINE-AHEAD: THE SECOND SHIP FOLLOWING IN LINE EXACTLY IN THE WAKE OF THE LEADER.



A TUMBLING TURMOIL OF FOAM AS THE WATER RACING PAST THE SWIFTLY MOVING HULL MEETS THE WAKE CHURNED UP BY THE PROPELLERS: LOOKING DOWN FROM QUITE CLOSE.



THE WHITE BELT OF FOAMING WATER IN A DESTROYER'S WAKE WHEN GOING FAST: LOOKING ASTERN FROM A SHIP CLEARED FOR ACTION.



A 30-KNOT BOW-WAVE: THE WAVE-RIDGE FORMED ACROSS THE SURFACE AT EITHER SIDE OF THE BOWS OF A DESTROYER HEADING THROUGH A SLIGHT SEA AT 30 KNOTS.

The white streaks from the foaming bow-wave and wake of tumbling, broken water that a high-speed ship like a destroyer causes on the surface often give one of the first indications of such a vessel's presence therabouts to other ships at a distance—by night even more than by day. Out at sea on this side of the Atlantic, in the Channel and the North Sea, the streak of white foam shows up at night from often quite a way off. The glint it gives can, in many cases, be picked out by a searchlight as it tails out along the dark surface of the sea at night, before the low-lying black hull of the destroyer herself can be detected. In the Mediterranean and in tropical seas after dark, the churned-up water astern of a ship

shows up with a bright phosphorescent gleam that is plainly visible at considerable distances. The illustrations show how plainly defined the course of a destroyer, or flotilla of destroyers, is, even when the sea is smooth, and in daylight. The division of destroyers, from the deck of one of which the photographs were taken, are proceeding in the usual cruising formation, following one another in line-ahead. Each vessel, that is, maintains its course exactly on the line taken by her next ahead, by, roughly speaking, keeping the funnels of the ship ahead aligned as one—the duty of the officer on watch on the bridge.

CAMBRAI AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A CAPTURED GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY JUPI.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A GERMAN AEROPLANE: THE TOWN OF CAMBRAI AS SEEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 2000 FT.

The battle of Cambrai opened on November 20, and the German counter-offensive began ten days later. The above photograph is of particular interest, as it was taken by a German airman, flying over the town in an aeroplane at a height of about 2000 ft.

The photograph subsequently fell into British hands. In contrast to that of Passchendaele, shown on another page, the buildings of Cambrai do not seem to have suffered much damage.

PASSCHENDAELE SEEN FROM THE AIR: A CAPTURED GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOTAL.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A GERMAN AIRMAN: RUINED PASSCHENDAELE AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF 2000 FT.

"At 6 a.m. on November 6," says Sir Douglas Haig in his recently published despatch, "Canadian troops renewed their attack and captured the village of Passchendaele, together with the high ground immediately to the north and north-west. Sharp fighting

took place for the possession of 'pill-boxes' in the northern end of the village." As this captured German air-photograph shows, the village had been reduced to ruins by bombardment



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECTURAL

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY. A GROUP OF PEOPLE, INCLUDING A MAN IN A LONG COAT, IN A HISTORICAL SETTING.

BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, A THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE—ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR-WORK AND THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

FROM recent events it is clear that the functions of the British Museum of Natural History are far from being generally understood, even by high officials of the Government from whom we might have expected some insight. These functions certainly do not begin—and end—with serving as a source of

to our crops at home and in our colonies, and to the material of which our dirigibles and aeroplanes are constructed.

The Geological Department has been able to assist the military authorities in Cyprus over the water-supply, and has helped mining engineers seeking for most necessary potash salts in hitherto unworked regions.

in parties by members of the staff. Some of these, in their country's cause, had lost the most precious of their possessions—sight—and had to be taken to the study-collections, where specimens specially selected were set out for them and explained by members of the staff.

Not until the war is over can all that the Museum has done be made public; but enough has surely been said to show that the "commandeering" of the Museum and the suppression of its activities would be about as sane a proceeding as would the dismantling of Woolwich Arsenal to provide housing for the Army Pay Department. The Museum is doing "war work" of a very real character, and this must cease the moment its collections become inaccessible.

But, apart from all these activities, the Natural History Museum—in common with the parent institution at Bloomsbury—fulfils other functions, less obvious, perhaps, but of even greater value. It is the treasure-house of at least one side of the nation's spiritual inspiration. The mysteries of the past, the present, and the future are stored here. Here is the material which will enable us to rise to higher things by striving to understand the nature of Life—and, therefore, to know ourselves. This, and this only, should suffice to justify the behest of the Press, which came so splendidly to the rescue, "Hands off the Museum!" The war will not last for ever; and when it is over we must see to it that Science—not merely as the "milk-cow" of Commerce, but Science for its own sake, for the sake of the insight it reveals of the mysteries of this universe and of our own frail and complex natures—is accorded an honoured place in our schemes of education. All our plans for social reform and general betterment must be inspired by scientific conceptions. We have lived too long in the fools' paradise found in the fields of the classics. We have fed generations of our best men on the crude conceptions of bygone ages. If we are to hold our own among the nations, if we are to grasp the real meaning of "culture," we must train the rising generations, whatever their station in life, to see not "men as trees, walking," but "every man clearly." We must "consider the lilies, how they grow." For nigh on two thousand years we have ignored that advice. It is not too late to begin, even now. And that way lies our salvation.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CLEARING AWAY MUD.—[British Official Photograph.]

"innocent amusement" for the public. It is evident that unless it can be shown that this institution is of some "practical" use in the furtherance of the colossal struggle in which we are engaged, and which is demanding all our energies, it must consent, formally, to a suspension of its activities, and in doing so it must sign its own death-warrant. For any attempt to remove its vast stores of treasures, under a period to be measured only in years, would result in irretrievable ruin.

But, happily for the nation, the Museum can easily stand the strain of this by no means justifiable test of "fitness" to survive. Since the war began, though the staff has been seriously depleted by the absence of many members on active service with the naval or military forces, it has not only furnished information urgently needed by the Navy, Army, and numerous civilian departments concerned solely with the prosecution of the war, but has also conducted researches of vital importance to the success of our cause.

During our first winter campaign, it will be remembered, frost-bite became a very serious menace to the health of our troops. To combat this, information was desired by the Army Medical Department as to the qualities of a certain animal oil. The Museum was asked to supply this information to enable immediate action to be taken. As a result, a large shipment was sent to France within forty-eight hours of the interview at the Museum; thereby thousands of men were saved much suffering, and were, furthermore, kept "fit."

Information is constantly being furnished as to the best means of stamping out insect pests and minute protozoa, which would otherwise spread disease and death among our men—not only in France, but throughout our far-flung battle line. Material help has been given in regard to pests causing damage to our horses and their fodder at the front,

The collections of human skeletons have been used by Army surgeons and by Army hospital nurses for the furtherance of their beneficent work; and the exhibition galleries have furnished invaluable information on such subjects as "camouflage" and the fly-campaign, members of the staff acting as lecturers to parties of men, either home on leave or sent home for the purpose of receiving instruction.

Besides these activities, hundreds of wounded men from our hospitals have been taken round the galleries

ON THE WESTERN FRONT: UNLOADING SAND AND CEMENT FOR TRENCH-MAKING FROM A TRAIN.
British Official Photograph.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A GERMAN AEROPLANE: TANKS AT CAMBRAI.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



AN ENEMY VIEW OF BRITISH TANKS IN ACTION DURING THE BATTLE OF CAMBRAI: A CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A GERMAN AIRMAN.

The British offensive near Cambrai, it may be recalled, opened on November 20 last, and resulted in a victory and large captures of prisoners. The Tanks played a great part in the battle, their surprise attack taking the place of the preliminary bombardment previously employed, as a means of breaking through the enemy's wire and opening a

path for our infantry advance. It was the first time the Tanks had operated in such force and had been assigned so important a rôle, and they achieved a triumph. The above photograph, showing four of them in action during the battle, is of especial interest, as it was taken by a German airman and afterwards captured.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS.

BRING out your vanities!" was the cry of Fra Girolamo Savonarola in "Romola," but it was a cry of political and social zeal rather than a call to purely charitable effort, as it is to-day. But the cry has echoed down the centuries until now it rings through the land on behalf of one of the greatest and most beneficent works of true benevolence that has ever been known—the unwearying and ubiquitous work of the Red Cross. The war, so unprecedented in its area and in its terrible outcome of mutilation, wounds worse, in their way, than death, and sicknesses almost as tragic as the end of all, has made demands upon the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John of Jerusalem that are without precedent, as the war itself is without precedent; and every effort to help it to fulfil its self-imposed and world-wide duty deserves the most cordial and energetic assistance.

Such assistance is, happily, forthcoming in many directions and in many forms, for a Society which is doing noble work at a cost of nearly £10,000 a day, needs, and, happily, obtains, help from every possible quarter, and in every possible way.

Of the many methods of raising funds for this noble work, not one has been happier or proved more successful than that of echoing the old-world cry of the fifteenth century preacher, and our "vanities" could not be offered in a better cause. Happily, the response to the appeal made for the coming Sale at Christie's is meeting with a prompt and generous reply. In many mansions and

homes collectors have spent years, or even generations, in getting together exquisite works of art in many forms, of literary treasures, of curios, of autographs, and other intimate things associated with famous personalities of the past, and silver and gold treasures which have a "story" as well as being things of such beauty that they are "a joy for ever," whose "loveliness increases." But, at the call of this beneficent Society, whose roll of good deeds would read like a fairy tale were it not that every

"locked away in safe or strong-room, and often in boxes deposited with bankers, and seldom seen or used by the owners, but which could be the means of bringing support and comfort to many of those who are standing in the fore-front of the battle for their country's honour."

It is also true that, as Mr. Morse points out, the demand for such treasures is so great that they bring in prices which a short time back

would have been considered impossible. The beauty of the three gifts which we illustrate, demonstrates the grace and charm of form which are characteristic of these offerings at the shrine of patriotism and beneficence; and there are many others of equal interest, of which we may instance one which suggests a romance in itself—nothing less than a necklace originally given by Beau Brummell to Lady Ethel Manners, daughter of the fifth Duke of Portland, and now given for this good cause by the Countess Dowager of Bradford. Other interesting and artistic gifts include a Puritan spoon of 1602, and a Roman fourth-century spoon, part of a singularly interesting collection, and a delightful Georgian tea-urn, mutely eloquent of bewigged

beaux and powdered belles in the days when "tay" was a comparatively new thing in English drawing-rooms; and a handsome rose-bowl tells of the days "when George was King." Seldom has a collector of catholic taste had so good an opportunity of at once adding to his treasures, and at the same time helping a most desirable cause.



(1) ONE OF A PAIR OF LOUIS XV. ORMOLOU CANDLESTICKS (PRESENTED BY MR. S. J. ASCHER).

(2) A CHARLES II. PORRINGER (GIVEN BY MR. SIDNEY MORSE).

(3) A SILVER-GILT ELIZABETHAN CHALICE WITH COVER (GIVEN BY MR. HENRY TREMOR BRICE).

PRESENTED FOR THE RED CROSS SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.

one of them is open to the world, they are being offered up.

In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Sydney Morse, in his capacity of Chairman of the Silver Committee, asks the readers of that journal to send to him, at 20, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, not later than Feb. 14, some of their treasures of gold and silver, of precious stones, and works of art,

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Read what this
FAMOUS COOK says on

Making the BEST of WAR FLOUR



by **Elsie Mary Wright**,

"Cordon Bleu" Medallist of the National Training School of Cookery; Domestic Editress "Everywoman's Weekly," etc., etc., and one of the best known cookery experts in London.

YOU and your family need worry no more about the unaccustomed "war flour" we are getting now-a-days. You can buy, at your grocer's, a preparation which in the words of one of the best-known cookery experts in London "completely solves" war flour troubles. And this wonderful preparation will also save you *at least* eightpence in the shilling on your eggs—a 7d. tin is equal to 21 eggs—*three a penny!*

But read the story as Miss Wright tells it.

Miss Wright says: "I have tested Goodall's Egg Powder in some of my own recipes, and found it excellent. It is quite free from any drying effect in cakes or pastry—a fault I have noticed in some imitations, and it enriches and greatly improves the recipes in which it is used. *With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty.*"

WHY not get a few 1½d. packets (or a 7d. tin) from your grocer to-day, and let Goodall's Egg Powder begin to make war flour acceptable (and save you money) in your home? Instead of using three eggs in that favourite cake of yours, use *one* egg only and one packet of Goodall's Egg Powder—the cost will then be 4½d. instead of 9d.,—the cake's flavour, and appearance, and everything else will be perfect—AND you'll have saved 4½d.

1½d. packets; large 7d. and 1½ tins.

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GONG SOUPS

LADIES' PAGE.

IT has taken just half a century of effort to get sex removed from the disqualifications for citizenship. Fifty completed years precisely have passed since John Stuart Mill first challenged a vote of the House of Commons on the equal right of women to the franchise. From that date to the present, women have carried on an unceasing propaganda in favour of the equality of their sex in representation as well as in taxpaying and obedience to the laws made by Parliament. In the meantime, many things bearing on the subject have happened. The Married Women's Property Act was an important step. Several of the States of the American Union have fully enfranchised their female citizens, beginning with Wyoming in 1870, and now including wealthy and leading States such as Colorado and California; and in every case the change has proved able to gain the approval of the leading men and of the people as a whole. Then our own Australasian colonies followed suit, beginning with New Zealand in 1894, and culminating in the Confederation of Australia in 1906, and just recently a part of Canada. The admission of women to higher education, and the brilliant success many of them gained in abstruse subjects, such as mathematics, is another notable fact that has helped in changing opinion. But finally, of course, the part taken by women in this terrible war is the immediate reason for the general agreement now expressed that we ought to be recognised as citizens sharing in the corporate life of the nation. As the Archbishop of Canterbury said, in the House of Lords debate, the vote is not being given as a reward for the work done by women—for it is not a privilege so much as a trust to fulfil—but as a recognition of the ability and devotion that they have shown and that have proved them to be a valuable portion of the nation's forces.

The Lord Chancellor, opposing the enfranchisement, suggested that women voters will be more ready than men to make "an inconclusive and hasty peace, throwing away all for which we had fought." As George Eliot said wittily, "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error," and any assumptions as to what women will do with the vote are necessarily of that order. But, as the old herbalists believed that the bane and the antidote always grew near one another, the next page of the *Times* to that recording Lord Loreburn's prophecy bore its contradiction, in the record from Canada as to the recent election there in which the one and only question was conscription—"the appeal for reinforcements for the Canadian army." We are told by the impartial *Times* correspondent that "possibly 400,000 women voted, of whom at least 70 per cent. cast their ballot for the Union candidates. The appeal to support the men in the trenches was very influential with the women. They were better organised than the men voters, and their speakers were very effective." Nor did it, in fact, need this last-hour proof that women are willing to give the sacrifices necessary in a righteous and defensive war, for every one of the splendid New Zealand boys whom



A GRACEFUL EVENING DRESS.

This is made of pink mousseline-de-soie; the bodice being embroidered with pearls, as are the long Ninon sleeves.

we have seen in our midst was brought up by a voting mother, and, when the need of the Empire arose, those mothers not only voted their money, but gave their darling sons to the war in a manner that alone should have defended women from Lord Loreburn's imputation. New Zealand was the first of our Colonies, before the war, to vote the cost of a battle-ship to the Imperial Navy, and in the war her contributions have been exceptional.

Nevertheless, I fully believe and devoutly hope that women in the future will be a powerful factor in preventing wicked war and promoting kind peace. It is inherent in the nature of man, the male, to fight; for in the wild and animal state of human history (and, alas! so far it is little different!) it was his constant obligation, and the family for which the father would not or could not fight was doomed to destruction. Equally, it is in the nature of woman as the mother rather to seek peace and to avoid danger for her little ones, and for herself as their guardian, if possible, by wise foresight in arranging their condition of life, or by strategy, avoiding, not daring, peril for the sake of the helpless young. But for the same reason it is the nature of woman to adore courage in man, that his stern duty may be fulfilled thereby. Shakespeare, who knew everything, truly declares: "There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour." (See also, *passim*, the explanation of the adoring mother of Coriolanus as to why she sent her son to war.) The love of peace and order predominating in women's minds, then, will make them a powerful influence for devising arrangements and making agreements and fulfilling treaties that will prevent aggressive and wicked wars; but in that there will not be any lack of patriotism, or of admiration for the noble soldierly qualities when necessity arises, for the two states of mind—which Admiral Maxse thought so inconsistent, "Women hate war but adore the soldier"—are quite compatible and reasonable.

Of course, the vote is now given on different terms from those on which we have always asked for it. Our claim has always been "Votes for women on the same qualification as they are given to men." I still believe that this would have been a much better basis. It would have enfranchised all women paying taxes on their own account, who would have been mainly single or widowed, but including some married women in business or owning property; but the whole number would have been far less than will come in by the present arrangement. The absurd restriction of women's votes to persons over thirty years of age would also not have had to be devised, as the only scheme for somewhat lessening the flood of new and inexperienced electors. However, the working men objected to the preponderance of propertied and well-educated women amongst those who would have been enfranchised "on the same terms as men"; and the present change, illogical as it is, at least removes being of the female sex from the list of disqualifications for voting, where it previously stood with lunacy, crime, pauperism, and childlessness.—FILOMENA.

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Dear Sirs.—As a member of the Royal Naval Air Service it will interest you to know that I recently proved the extreme value of your Malted Milk Tablets. In a flight over the North Sea on May 24th, 1917, the machine developed engine trouble and the pilot was compelled to descend, and we were left for six days adrift. To make matters worse the sea-plane capsized, and on the first day my companion lost a Thermos Flask filled with hot cocoa. From that time until we were picked up on the afternoon of May 30th (the sixth day) my companion and myself had no other form of nourishment but your Malted Milk Tablets contained in one of your well-known Ration Tins, except a ship's candle which we found in some drifting wreckage.

I feel, therefore, that we absolutely owe our lives to the contents of your invaluable Ration Tin, and I have the greatest pleasure in informing you of these facts, and express my gratitude for so compact a Ration Tin containing so much nutriment. You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you like, and with my renewed thanks.

Yours truly (signed),

R.N.A.S.

SEND THEM TO YOUR NAVAL AND MILITARY FRIENDS.

See that the name Horlick's appears on every Container.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or we will forward one of these tins post free to any address on receipt of 1/6. Give full name and address, or name of ship, also give your own name and address when sending remittance to

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

SIR JAMES HORLICK, Bart., President.

Petrol Economy with the
**CLAUDEL
HOBSON**
CARBURETTER
PROVED!

Read this extract from the "Commercial Motor," 8th March:

"Very many American convoys were consuming an average of 52 litres per 100 kilom., while the French lorries averaged from 30 to 32 litres. It was therefore decided to scrap the American carburetter in favour of one of French make. AFTER A PUBLIC COMPETITION, CLAUDEL-HOBSON SECURED THE CONTRACT."

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H. M. HOBSON, LIMITED,
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Rough roads don't trouble Palmers—which have the famous Palmer Cord Foundation, which minimises internal friction, and the finest tread ever moulded on to a tyre. No need to buy foreign tyres after the war.

**PALMER
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Made in all sizes with the original three-ribbed rubber and the steel studded treads. Write now for the Booklet "Palmers, Petrol and Power," which gives fully detailed proof of the TEN PER CENT. PETROL SAVING.

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The Whisky de Luxe

Owing to Government Restrictions the proprietors of "Premier" cannot meet all demands. But they can guarantee that "Premier" absolutely retains those characteristics which have made its old time reputation—chaste quality: wonderful delicacy and great age.

WRIGHT & GREIG, Ltd.,
Distillers,
Glasgow and London.

The dangers of INFECTION

Since 1889 (the year of the world-wide influenza epidemic) influenza has every year broken out in epidemic form in some part of the United Kingdom, and often has swept the whole country.

Epidemic manifestations are usually preceded for some days or weeks by isolated cases, but the spread is entirely due to human intercourse. Statistics prove that persons brought together in large numbers in enclosed spaces suffer more in proportion to others.

Overheated and overcrowded rooms or theatres, exposure to cold, and mental or physical fatigue; each represents conditions which are favourable to attacks of the *Bacillus Influenzae*.

Whenever these conditions are met, the ill-effects of the germ attacks can be neutralised if one or two Evans' Pastilles are allowed to dissolve in the mouth when the danger threatens.

EVANS' Pastilles

The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

The unique antiseptic qualities possessed by Evans' Pastilles aid the natural resistance against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat. The Pastilles are made from a private formula and they are free from poisonous alkalis. They strengthen the vocal cords, allay and prevent irritation of the throat, and loosen any mucous secretions which may be present.

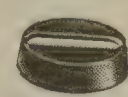
TRENCH ODOURS Evans' Pastilles are splendid for preventing unpleasant odours which result from trench odours, and they are invaluable for service conditions. Send a tin to the Front.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or post free from the makers **1/3 per tin.**
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd.,
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And at London and New York.



The *Bacillus Influenzae* which is considered to be one of the most dangerous microbes, taken at our Runcorn Laboratories. We have proved by test that Evans' Pastilles are quite efficacious in preventing the harmful effects caused by this microbe.

This is from an actual micro-photograph taken at our Runcorn Bacteriological Laboratories showing the *Mycobacterium Catarrhalis*—the microbe which causes Catarrh. Magnified 940 diameters.



The undoubted success which has attended the use of Evans' Pastilles has produced a good number of worthless substitutes. To protect the public

an anti-present substitute, the Evans' Pastilles have been produced here the Pastille and B.S. for reference.



Each Pastille can be recognised by a raised bar marking and none are genuine without this mark.

"See the Raised Bar on each Pastille," W.C. 1

WARM WINTER CARDIGANS AT GAMAGE Prices THE LOWEST. SPECIAL OFFERS



Post Orders enclosing Treasury Notes should be registered.

The Cardigan Jacket is one of the most useful garments for Soldier or Civilian, and provides just the necessary degree of extra warmth and protection during wintry weather.

The "LESTER" Cardigan in Black and Dark Brown, warm heavy make, with pockets, suitable for hard wear without Tunic or Coat. Post 6d. U.K. Per Garment **8/11**

The DEVON Cardigan, in all pure wool. Made from soft yarns in good shades of Khaki Brown. Soft and warm. The Garment Worth 21/- Post Free U.K. **12/11**

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The ALDERSHOT Cardigan, in Partridge Brown. Scotch make, a very hard-wearing Coat, suitable for all ranks. Post Free U.K. **14/11**

A Quantity of Knitted Cardigans with pockets, made from Scotch Wool, in Light Camel Hair shade. Post Free U.K. **15/11**

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FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE

DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices **10/6 & 21/6** (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET, (Oxford St. End) LONDON, W. Also PARIS & NEW YORK

Telephone—GERRARD 3782



Watchmakers. Established 1851.

SMITH'S ALLIES WATCH



FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.
SCREW IN SILVER CASE £4 4 0 EVERY WATCH
With Hinged Case, £3 3 0

Please write for Special List of Accessories for the Front.

S. SMITH & SON LTD. ESTD 1851
HOLDERS OF A ROYAL WARRANT
WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY
6, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS
TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C. & 68, PICCADILLY, W.

ALARM

The Alarm will arouse the Heaviest Sleeper.

A fine Assortment of Rings & Jewellery always in stock.

Fine Double Cluster Diamond Ring. £10 10 0

MEDICAL WRIST WATCH.

Luminous Figures and Hands. Screw in Dust and Damp-proof Case.

Available for Hospital Work.

WATCH

Swiss Silver Alarm Watch. Perfect Timekeeper. The back of the case is arranged for standing on table in slanting position. Every Watch Guaranteed.

Luminous Alarm Watch. Perfect Timekeeper. The back of the case is arranged for standing on table in slanting position. Every Watch Guaranteed.

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6, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS, TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C. & 68, PICCADILLY, W.

Sterling Silver, £5 15 0

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

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Invalids Enjoy

Benger's Food. Letters from doctors and nurses continually voice the gratitude of patients for it. Invalid after invalid writes to say:—"It is the one Food of which they never tire."

The ease with which

BENGER'S Food

is digested and absorbed, makes it most welcome to patients, and it ranks highest among nutritive foods.

Benger's forms with milk a dainty cream, which is absorbed with little digestive effort. The different method of preparing it (see directions) is the measure of its advantages over other foods.

Benger's Food is entirely British in origin, ownership, and manufacture. It is sold in tins by Chemists, etc. everywhere.

A most interesting booklet about this most interesting Food sent free from:

BENGER'S FOOD LTD.

MANCHESTER, England

Branch Offices: NEW YORK 90, Beekman Street, SYDNEY 117, Pitt Street, Legals throughout CANADA.

LITERATURE.

"A Second Diary
of the
Great Warr."

Generals in the field, is known to every club. Mr. Pepps is still very busy at war-carpentry, making crutches for the wounded. Rations distress his soul. "I did make last night, and this morning gave my wife, a schedule of our fare for 7 days, observing my Lord Devonport's rules, and she to make trawl of it with cook, how it shall go." He is inevitably a playgoer. "To his Majesty's house, where I had the greatest of pleasure in seeing again Miss Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarre, that is), and she

"On the Road
to Kut."



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: TANKS WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO START TOWARDS THE GERMAN LINES
Canadian War Records.

But an old man knows Court and Parliamentary circles; he has Mr. Pepsys, "the wretch with a strong hand and he lets his eyes stray towards other pretty women. He is, however, a better husband than Samuel sen., and, if he does indulge in cryptograms, the scandal is not of his own making. There are no passages, in French, retailing prospective or retrospective idiocies. For which let S. P. jun. have due honour. The character-drawing is strong. General Pirliton, the strategist out of a job and dismal critic of our

are some of the comments issued to the troops in Kut by General Townsend in the last weeks of the siege. Certain comments, one presumably relating to Ctesiphon, are omitted. Indeed, some of the interest in a very bright, brave, and timely book will be found between the lines. "On the Road to Kut" may be most cordially recommended to all who wish to know something about the difficulties of the campaign in its early stages, and is written in a singularly intimate and interesting fashion.

URODONAL

THE UNRIVALLED SPECIFIC FOR:



**Rheumatism,
Gout,
Gravel,
Calculi,
Neuralgia,
Sciatica,
Arterio-
Sclerosis,
Obesity,
Acidity.**



The dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal as in a magic mirror. Have faith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its good results.

PREPARED BY THE HEPPELBERG LABORATORIES, Ltd., London, W.1.
 Can be post free, from the full scientific Remedies.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82 %) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

The regular use of URODONAL induces the thorough elimination of uric acid, cleanses the kidneys, and removes impurities. It is the way for those who avail themselves of it, the dawn of a period of triumphant and happy youth reflected in the bottle of URODONAL as in a magic mirror. It is the evidence in URODONAL, and it will help you to quickly reap your reward.

DR. DAURIAN.

of the Paris Medical Faculty.
Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.
New York, U.S.A.
4, Malcolm Lane, Sydney (Box G, P.O. 2256)
P.O., 3, Clive Street, Calcutta.

JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional
"re-education" of the Intestine.

JUBOL Cleanses the Intestine.

Prevents Appendicitis and Enteritis.

Relieves Hæmorrhoids, Prevents Obesity.

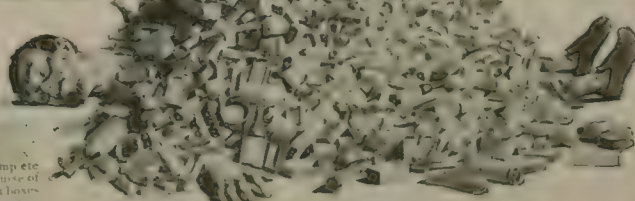
MEDICAL OPINION:

"JUBOL is an excellent combination of active agents for the treatment of intestinal disorders. It is highly successful for chronic constipation, re-education of the intestine, and facilitating the digestive process, while it assists in preventing the development of entero-colitis. Its well-established efficacy deserves the attention of physicians as well as sufferers to the merits of JUBOL."

Dr. JEAN SALOMON, Paris Medical Faculty.

Prepared at Chatain's Laboratories
Can be obtained from all chemists,
and drug stores, or direct,
post free, from the British and
Colonial Agents, HEPPEL'S,
Pharmacists and Foreign
Chemists, 163, Piccadilly,
London, W.1, from whom
also can be had, post free,
the full explanatory
booklets: "The
Therapeutic Remedies"
"The Use of the"

Constipation
Haemorrhoids
Enteritis
Dyspepsia
Migraine



POISONED BY PERNICIOUS PURGATIVES!



Do away with the annoyance of continually breaking laces by getting

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

These are the finest laces made. Numerous threads of the finest cotton go to the making of each Paton Lace, giving them unequalled strength and securing an elasticity which makes for foot comfort. The tags are secure and, the dyes being fast, the laces never become shabby. Because of their lasting wear, Paton's Laces are a real economy.

- PER PAIR.
- Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear - 2d. & 3d.
- Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) for Ladies' and Gent's wear - 3d.
- Leather Laces for Ladies' and Gent's wear - 6d. & 9d.

British made throughout.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

WILLIAM PATON, LTD.,
JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.



Polish and Protect Your Furniture.

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a hard, dry, glass-like coating over varnish, protecting and preserving it. It cleans and polishes with one operation. Contains no oil, consequently does not gather and hold dust.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

will quickly and permanently remove that bluish, cloudy appearance from your piano, gramophone, and mahogany furniture. Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike finish of great beauty and durability. It never becomes sticky or tacky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body, consequently it does not gather dust or show finger-prints. Gives just the polish and protection you need for your floors and linoleum. Does not show foot-marks. If the surface is very soiled, use JOHNSON'S CLEANER first: it will remove every mark without harming the finest finish.

For sale by all leading Ironmongers & Grocers.

Send for Sample, and see for yourself.

Illustrated London News.

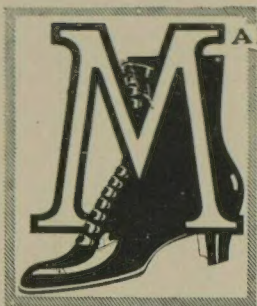
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, 244, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Enclosed please find 6d. for a Universal Size tin of Johnson's Prepared Wax and a free sample of Johnson's Cleaner.

Name

Address

Australian Address: 375, KENT STREET, SYDNEY.



TAKE THIS RULE, so long as a shortage exists, to buy boots and shoes only when they are actually required. And then get really GOOD ones—the best that can be found.

This is the soundest economy. Fewer pairs are needed; also good footwear is a most important factor in keeping fit.

Consult Manfield's upon all footwear questions.

59 & 60 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.4
and 61 & 62 PATERNOSTER ROW.
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"Sorry to keep you waiting, but my lace is broken. I really must make a point of buying Hurculaces."

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots and shoes.

Why the everlasting—never-ceasing—laces annoyance when you can buy HURCULACES, which are stoutly built of the best yarns and firmly tagged in the best British style? Ask emphatically for HURCULACES and don't be put off.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.

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C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd. CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

Ensure the perfection
of your salads
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IDEAL SHOES

Suitable and distinctive for present wear, are contained in



well-assorted stocks.

The
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No smarter goods and no better values on the Market.

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Our own registered brands are true guarantees of Quality & Value.

To places where we have no branch, goods will be sent by post on receipt of order and remittance. Foreign remittances must include cost of postage.

FREEMAN, HARDY & WILLIS LTD.
LEICESTER. Over 470 Branches in ENGLAND.



BABY'S
WELFARE

Anxious Mothers

MANY mothers are worried about the changing of Baby's Food from time to time. The Food that suits at six weeks of age will not suffice at six months.

The "Allenburys" Foods are the only system of Infant Feeding that provides for Baby's needs step by step—a progressive dietary suited to Baby's growing digestive powers from birth onwards.

The juice of grapes, oranges, or meat juice so beneficial to the hand fed baby can be given with these Foods, and instructions are furnished on each package.

The Allenburys Foods

Promote Health and Sturdy Development.

- MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.
MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.
MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months upwards.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Will There
Be a Split?

It looks as though everything was working towards a serious split in the councils of automobilism. Hitherto I have regarded all the talk we have heard from time to time about the lapses of the representative bodies and the

they spoke. Still, they have a value of a kind in that they serve to indicate that the state of ill-health to which I have referred does exist, and that a remedy for it will have to be found. That remedy, I believe, will be found in a more statesmanlike outlook on the whole politics of motorism than has hitherto existed. We shall not get that better outlook as the result of the foundation of more new associations on the lines of the old ones which are alleged to have failed in their mission. Rather we shall get it from a closer co-ordination of the aims and work of the old bodies, and by a revision of the whole constitution of the body politic.

The "Motorist" and the Public.

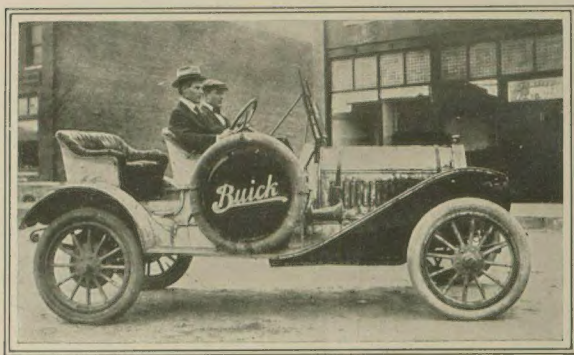
Unfortunately, the limitations of space do not permit of a full discussion of the whole problem, or I would endeavour to show wherein that constitutional revision of which I have spoken should or might consist. But as an indication of what I mean, let us take the word "motorist," a term which has outlived its original meaning and ought to be discarded in our own interests. Now, the manifesto already referred to alleges that there is a strong and growing volume of public prejudice against the motor-car. I say there is nothing of the kind, as how could there be when we all—whether

we are "motorists" or not—use the motor-car and depend upon it for the transport of everything we use, when we all realise that without the car we could not carry on the war, and that out of the car has been evolved the Tank? Certainly there is a great deal of prejudice in the public mind—a prejudice which, for purposes of its own, has been fostered by a section of the Press which really ought to know better. But that prejudice is not against the motor-car, but against the "motorist"; and by that term the uninstructed public understands that selfish type of car-owner who uses his vehicle solely for purposes of pleasure, who has unpatriotically consumed essential petrol for "week-ending" and race-going, and who cares nothing for any interest save his own—who would use the last gallon of petrol in the country to take him to Brighton, though we lost the war as a consequence. Of course, the type does not exist—or, if it does, exists in such small

numbers as to be absolutely negligible; but in some respects the public memory is long, and, having been branded as a hog in the early days of the movement, a hog the genus motorist remains to-day so far as the mass of the public which gives the matter a thought is concerned. What we want, then, is to pay more attention to the motor-vehicle—or rather, to the interests of road-transport—and less to the "motorist," since the greater includes the less, and in securing the future of the one we automatically benefit the other. We have the means of reorganisation to our hands, in the shape of the General Council of Motoring, if we have the sense to adopt it. What is wanted is breadth of vision and powerful direction. We shall certainly get neither as long as those who assist to formulate and guide motoring opinion remain at cross-purposes and insist on grinding their own axes in preference to working whole-heartedly for the general good.

New Brisbane-Sydney Record.

A cablegram received on Dec. 27 announces a further long-distance record to the credit of the Vauxhall car. Driving a 1914 25-h.p. Vauxhall, Mr. Boyd Edkins accomplished the journey from Brisbane to Sydney (650 miles) in 16 hrs. 3 mins. This is 3½ hours faster than the previous record, and 40 minutes less than



"NINE TIMES ROUND THE WORLD": A BUICK RECORD.

The Buick car shown here was the winner of the first prize in a remarkable contest. It has travelled over 262,000 miles, used 15,000 gallons of petrol, worn out some 200 tyres, and been driven by 25 different drivers—and it is estimated that the car is still good for another 100,000 miles.

necessity for the foundation of other associations, as so much blown-off steam; but when I read that one of the leading automobile journals has given its blessing to the idea of another "representative" body, and when another issues a flaming manifesto recounting the wrongs of the motorist, calling on him to rise in his wrath and smite the enemy, I begin to think that matters are getting serious. Undoubtedly, the body politic of motorism is in a bad state of health. Many people affect to think that this is because of the restrictions which the war has called into being on the one hand, and the neglect of their duties by the associations on the other. Therein I think they miss the main cause entirely. The "manifesto" I have mentioned informs the motorist to whom it is addressed that he has been "thrown like a bone to the masses"; that he has been shamefully abandoned to his fate by his associations; that he has been the victim of the broken word of the Government in the matter of the car and petrol-licences, and in that of coal-gas; and a lot more of such pitiable grievances are recited which, if one were to take them seriously, would lead to the belief that it is all over with motoring. For my own part, I prefer to regard these uneasy outpourings as a sort of war hysteria from which their authors will recover in course of time and be sorry



OF SERVICE IN THE FOOD ECONOMY CAMPAIGN: A VAUXHALL CAR.

This photograph shows Sir Arthur Yapp busily organising his food economy campaign, and using a 25-h.p. Vauxhall staff service car. He is seen leaving Messrs. Waring's great war factory after addressing thousands of the employees. The Vauxhall works are engaged on the manufacture of cars for the Government to the full extent of their productive capacity.—[Photograph by Topical.]

the time taken by the fastest train running between the two capitals. Mr. Edkins was at the wheel the whole time.

HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

AFTER PASTES, POWDERS, DEPILATORIES, ELECTRICITY, AND VARIOUS ADVERTISED PREPARATIONS HAD FAILED.

A Simple, Easy Method which any Lady can use at Home, and Quickly Rid Herself for ever of this Humiliating Affliction.

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair, which seemed to steadily increase and become more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how glad I felt and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all, it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various methods that I was in despair, and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever before seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, and feared that some sign of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft and white, and as the months slipped by and not

the slightest trace of the hated superfluous hair returned, I realised that I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on their own skins with equally effective and permanent results.



After bearing for ten years the affliction of a humiliating and a repulsive hairy mass, with beard and moustache like a man's, Miss Firmin permanently removed it all in a single night by means of the marvellous new absorption process explained in this article.

They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent society lady who used this method some time ago now says:—"Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair that I feel that I should give full particulars regarding my discovery to all my sisters who need it. Merely enclose two penny stamps for reply and I will send you particulars and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home, without the knowledge of anyone. Address—Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 180), 48, Dover Street, London, W. 1

FREE COUPON

ISSUED TO READERS OF 'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,' by KATHRYN B. FIRMIN. Cut out this Coupon to-day, and send with your name and address (or write and mention 180), enclosing two penny stamps for postage to Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 180), 48, Dover Street, London, W. 1, for free particulars regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

NAME
ADDRESS



Sound Sleep

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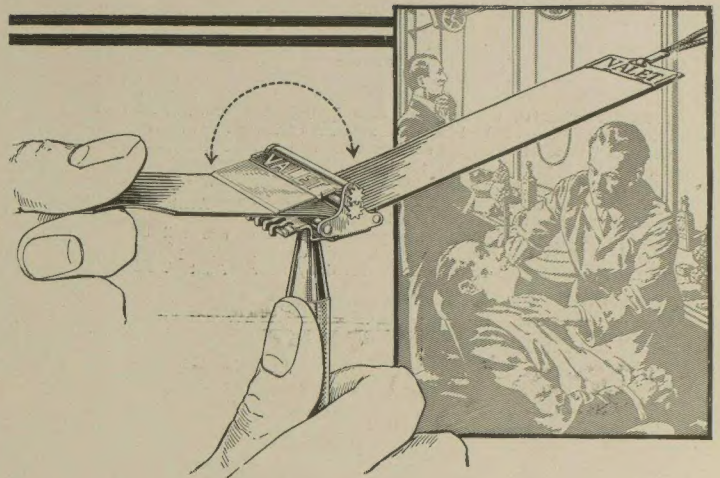
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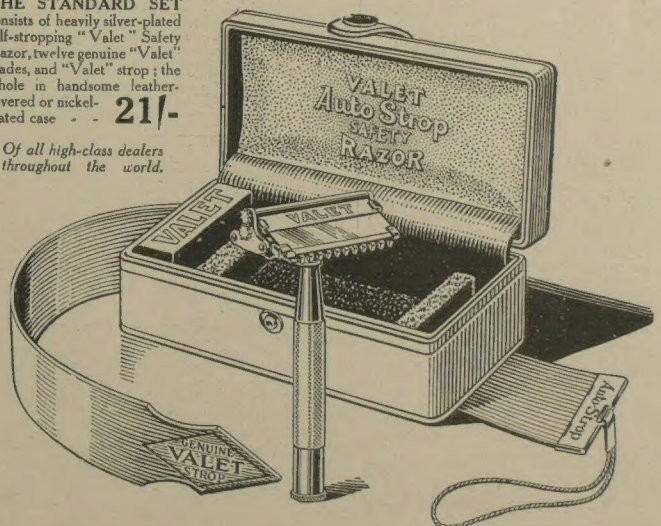
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extraordinary vagaries. They both loved the same man, William Linkhorn, red-bearded rustic. On his account, they hated each other, and were drawn to each other. . . . In the end, Beausire's love for William, hitherto a flame burning fiercely in the very depths of her being, goes out like the snuff of a candle, and forthwith she loves and marries another man. Is this life? We doubt it. Her heart had been harried, and she was no longer young; the *volte face* does not convince us. It will be seen that some, at least, of the interest of Mrs. Dudeney's romance lies in the novel situations she intrudes into the affairs of her men and women.

"Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad."

one will be glad to find them working together for the pleasure of the public, in "Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad" (Arrowsmith). It is seemly, too, that a Bristol publisher should have the handling of the new volume. Without even the exception of Wapping, the West Country is pre-eminent in its store of pirate yarns, and the port of Bristol knew, once upon a time, much more of roving gentlemen (very fine gentlemen, now and then) than it was discreet to bruit abroad. After a couple of hundred years, scandal and sensation distil into history, and we may take these two stories for a sidelight on the ways of certain ships in certain seas. Of the two name-stories, "Aunt Trinidad" makes the livelier reading. The parrot with the secret of hidden treasure at his beak is good; but the fortnightly reunion of the cronies who were once the pirates' ladies, young, and fair, and loving, is a bold and captivating conception. Figure to yourself their tales of the light-come-light-go of plunder under blue skies, told again round a bowl of bishop in a cosy parlour. The delicious thrills of the boy who listens are communicated to the reader—even to the reader to whom bishop is no more than a glorious name. It is not to be doubted that there were such

Sir A. Quiller-Couch and pirates are on excellent and long-standing terms with each other, and every- one will be glad to find them working together for the pleasure of the public, in "Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad" (Arrowsmith). It is seemly, too, that a Bristol publisher should have the handling of the new volume. Without even the exception of Wapping, the West Country is pre-eminent in its store of pirate yarns, and the port of Bristol knew, once upon a time, much more of roving gentlemen (very fine gentlemen, now and then) than it was discreet to bruit abroad. After a couple of hundred years, scandal and sensation distil into history, and we may take these two stories for a sidelight on the ways of certain ships in certain seas. Of the two name-stories, "Aunt Trinidad" makes the livelier reading. The parrot with the secret of hidden treasure at his beak is good; but the fortnightly reunion of the cronies who were once the pirates' ladies, young, and fair, and loving, is a bold and captivating conception. Figure to yourself their tales of the light-come-light-go of plunder under blue skies, told again round a bowl of bishop in a cosy parlour. The delicious thrills of the boy who listens are communicated to the reader—even to the reader to whom bishop is no more than a glorious name. It is not to be doubted that there were such

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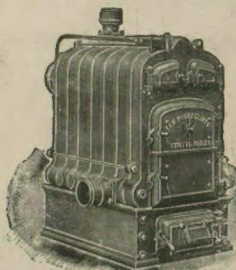
ON THE FRENCH FRONT: CAPTURED GERMAN BODY-ARMOUR.

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